

VISIT...

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SUPERHEROES FROM CLIVE BARKER

HOKUM & HEX

HIS NAME IS
BLOODSHED...

...HIS MISSION IS
MURDER!



NOT A
HOAX
(OR A
HOKUM...)

THIS ISSUE, TRIP MUNROE

DIES!

OBI

DIRECT EDITION



IN A MIX OF MAGIC, COMEDY AND EXPLOSIVE SUSPENSE, FAILED STAND-UP COMIC TRIP MUNROE HAS BECOME THE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE AGAINST A POWERFUL, EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL OVERLORD — IN OTHER WORDS, EARTH'S LAST, BEST HOPE... IS A JOKE. CLIVE BARKER PRESENTS...

HOKUM & HEX

ALL THAT STANDUP COMIC TRIP MUNROE WANTED OUT OF LIFE WAS A FEW LAUGHS AND A FEW FRIENDS.

INSTEAD, BY PURE CHANCE, A DEMI-GOD BESTOWED HIM WITH TRANSFORMATIVE POWERS TO FEND OFF INVADING ALIEN Hordes...

...PRIMARILY THE SAVAGE-- BUT HIGHLY PROFESSIONAL-- CORPUS HARBORERS OF THE GOD FELON BALE.

WAIT, IT GETS BETTER.

SACRIFICES

A TALE OF THE BARKERVERSE

TRIP'S SUCCESSFUL, IF RELUCTANT, STAND AGAINST THE CORPUS HAS DELAYED BALE'S RELIGIOUS CASUALTY ON EARTH...

...AND SO HIS HOLINESS WAS DISPATCHED A PERSONAL CHAMPION-- A TRANSFIGURED HUMAN, APTLY NAMED BLOODSHED!

OY VEY.

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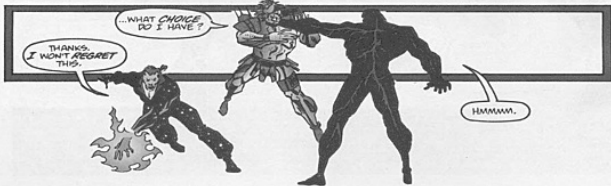
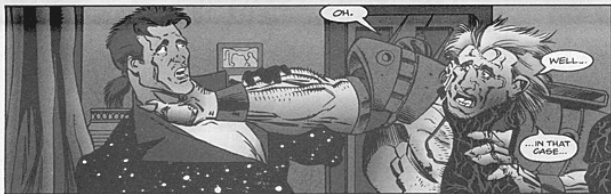
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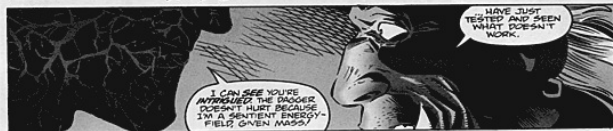
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HOKUM & HEX™ Vol. 1, No. 7, March, 1994. Published monthly by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President; Stan Lee, Publisher; Michael Holtzman, Group Vice President; Publishing Office of Publication: 367 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014. Application to mail at second class rates is pending in New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. All HOKUM & HEX material copyright © 1994 Clive Barker. All rights reserved. Price \$1.75 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: \$21.00 U.S.; \$33.00 foreign and Canadian subscribers must add \$8.00 for postage and GST, GST #R127030252. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. HOKUM & HEX (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the descriptive sentences thereof) is a trademark of CLIVE BARKER. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO HOKUM & HEX, c/o MARVEL COMICS, SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., 367 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014. Printed in Canada.









YOU KNOW... IF THAT'S YOUR BEST SHOT... THEN YOU'RE AS BAD A FIGHTER AS YOU ARE A COMEDIAN.

HEY, I'M NOT THAT BAD A COMEDIAN.

SKAF! I DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, MURDER! HE'S TRYING TO RATTLE YOU! YOU DID GOOD! WE'VE FOUND A WEAKNESS!



BLOODSHED'S GOT MASS...

...SO HE'S SUBJECT TO GRAVITY, INERTIA, MOMENTUM...



...AND BREAKDOWN OF PARTICLES.



ACTUALLY, THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

RIGHT!

HOW ELEMENTARY!

SAY, AM I MEOWING, OR IS BLOODSHED PLAYING CAT-BUP-HOOFING WITH THEM?

OH, HE IS! MEOW! MEOW! MEOW!



YOU ARE ONE SICK PUPPY!

YOU DON'T JUST TALK TO YOURSELF, YOU ANSWER TOO!!

FUNNY... I THINK
YOUR MOTHER TOLD
ME THAT.

THIS WAS
A WHILE AGO,
BUT... HER NAME
WAS LOUISE,
RIGHT?

W-WHAT? HOW...?
WHO ARE...?

OH, ZORKS, HE'S
RATTLING YOU
AGAIN!

FOR A WARRIOR TO
SURVIVE, HE OR SHE'S
GOTTA KNOW HOW TO
RETREAT! COME ON!

BUT... BUT...
WHO AS HE? HOW
DID HE KNOW MY
MOTHER'S NAME?
SHE'S DEAD!

SO ARE
WE IF
WE DON'T
MOVE!

WAIT A MINUTE!
THAT'S NOT THE
WAY TO THE...

...DOOR!

KLASSH

THIS WAS
FASTER.

WHAT DO THEY
TEACH YOU
HUMANS IN
SCHOOL,
ANYWAY?

WHAT COULD
FELON BALE'S
CHAMPION
DO TO BALE'S
ONLY SON?*

SORRY!
I WAS ABSENT ON
SURVIVALIST
DAY!

WHAT ABOUT
SOLOM REY?
WE LEFT HIM
BACK THERE!

DON'T WORRY, I KNOW
YOU TRANSFORMED HIM
INTO LOOKING LIKE A FEMALE,
BUT HE STILL SHOULD
BE SAFE.

UHM...
HELLO.
DID I MISS
SOMETHING?





WE'RE GOING TO AN EMPTY OFFICE
I'VE COMMANDEERED IN A
PLACE CALLED "THE CHRYSLER
BUILDING." EVER HEAR OF IT?

YEAH, IT'S
VAGUELY
FAMILIAR...

...LISTEN, I
JUST WANT YOU
TO KNOW
SOMETHING.

WHAT'S
THAT?

YOU TRIED TO
KILL ME
BEFORE, YOU
SON OF A B*TCH!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
THE SITUATION'S
CHANGED!

THIS BLOODSHED...
HE'S NOT THE CREATION
OF A JUST GOD. I'M
DISCOVERING THINGS
ABOUT FELON BALE
THAT AREN'T RIGHT.

EQUUS

BUT AS REGARDS
BLOODSHED, WE
COULD HAVE A
SAYING--

YOU'RE A VERY
SELF-CONFIDENT BUNCH,
AREN'T YOU?

--"IF YOU CAN'T
BEAT 'EM... WELL,
YOU CAN ALWAYS
BEAT 'EM."

ELSEWHERE
NEXT MORNING...

HOSPITAL

ALL TRIP MURKOV
EVER WANTED WAS
A FEW LAUGHS AND
A FEW FRIENDS.

AND WHAT LAUGHTER
AND FRIENDS HAVE IN
COMMON... IS BOTH
CAN DIE.

MONA LISA
MCDONALD, AGE 25,
CONATOSE FOLLOWING
SURGERY TO REMOVE
SHRIMP FROM
HER CHEST.

A HIGHLY UNUSUAL CASE: HER FRIEND--
A FELLOW STANDUP COMIC-- SUGGESTED
COORDINATES FOR AN M.R.I. SCAN.

...LEADING TO THE DISCOVERY OF AN
ELECTRICALLY CHARGED RUMBLE, THE
LIKES OF WHICH WE'VE NEVER SEEN.

I HOPE THAT IMPRESSES UPON YOU STUDENTS THE VALUE OF LISTENING EVEN TO THE LOWEST OF THE LOW!

NOW: THIS "BUBBLE" SHOULDN'T BE THERE. AND THE PATIENT'S PROGNOSIS IS NEGATIVE AND TERMINAL. THAT MEANS...?

IF WE REMOVE IT, SHE *MAY* DIE.
IF WE DON'T, SHE *WILL* DIE.

CORRECT.

WE'VE ARRANGED WITH HER PARENTS TO OPERATE *GABBY*, IN EXCHANGE FOR PERMISSION TO STUDY HER AND THIS "BUBBLE".

"THE PROCEDURE IS SCHEDULED FOR ELEVEN. I'LL BE ASSISTING THE *HEAD SURGEON*. ARRANGE YOUR SCHEDULES TO OBSERVE."

"I HAVE A FEELING YOU'LL BE WITNESSING SOME *DRAMA*."

WHILE...

YAWWWWWN!

MUNROE? AWAKEN?

FAST

I *KNEW* IT! HE'S GONE! THAT CONARDLY NERVE ENTITY THINKS WE CAN *RUN*! THAT'S WHY HE SUGGESTED WE REST!

THAT DISHONORABLE, ILL-MANNERED...



GEEZ, RELAX, WILL YA ?
I JUST WENT OUT TO GET US
SOME BREAKFAST!

I MAY NOT BE ONE OF YOU "GREAT
CORPUS WARRIORS," BUT I KNOW THAT
PEOPLE MAKE MISTAKES WHEN THEY'RE
HUNGRY AND TIRED.

WHA, WELL...
YES, MAM, THEY DO. SORRY.



NOW LOOK -- I KNOW YOU'RE
THE PROFESSIONAL, BUT I'VE
GOT AN IDEA FOR A PLAN.

FIRST, THOUGH, LET'S SEE...
I'VE GOT A COUPLE'A COFFEES,
COUPLE'A JUICES, SOME
BAGELS WITH A SCHWEAR...

SOME WHAT
WITH A WHAT?

BAGELS WITH A
SCHWEAR OF OREOM
CHEESE. THEY'RE
-- OH, JUST
TRY IT.

"JUST TRY IT."
WHAT ARE YOU,
MY MOTHER?

YOU CORPUS
HAVE MOTHERS?

WHAT, YOU
THINK WE'RE
WATCHED?

HOW SHOULD I
KNOW? MAYBE YOU
EVOLVED FROM
DINOSAURS.

DINOSAURS?
LISTEN, YOU...



ELSEWHERE,
NEARBY...

THERE
IT IS.
TRIP
MUNROE'S
APARTMENT.



I OWE THAT
MOTHERLESS
CREEP.

MAKING ME SHOOT DOWN THAT
CABLE CAR... GETTING ME ARRESTED...
AND MY BOUNTY-HUNTER LICENSE SUSPENDED.
I KNOW MY NEW CLIENT, PARAGON JOHN,
TOLD ME NOT TO HURT MUNROE... OR
CRIPPLE HIM... OR KILL HIM.



BUT HEY...
I'M WORTHY.

CHOOM

... I JUST
GOTTA BE
ME.

INSIDE...

...YOU'RE CRAZY...
...YOU'RE CRAZY...
...YOU'RE CRAZY...

...I'M FELON
BALE'S SON... HE'LL
KILL YOU... YOU'RE
CRAZY...

NO. HE
APPROVES
OF ME.

BUT HE'S
VERY UPSET
WITH YOU.

ASSISTING GODKIN STRAITH'S
CHAMPION... TRYING TO WIPE
YOUR FATHER'S OWN RELIGION!

YOU'RE *NOT* A
GOOD BOY, SOLON.

I'M NOT A BOY AT ALL.
I'M AN OLD MAN... *NOW!*

ASK MY FATHER WHAT
THEY *DID* TO ME
BECAUSE OF HIM.

NOT A
JOB.

FINE. FINE
THEN. JUST
KILL ME...
... AND
BE DONE
WITH IT.

SOLON! I THOUGHT THE
SON OF A GOD WOULD
UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF
SACRIFICE BETTER THAN THAT.

MY OLD GOD TOLD ME HOW
HE WANTED SACRIFICES...

YOU KILL JUST *ONE* PERSON,
AND OTHERS THINK... HE WAS
IN THE WRONG PLACE, WRONG
TIME. WON'T HAPPEN TO *ME*."

"THEN THEY'RE *SACRIFICES*.
AND THAT TEACHES PEOPLE
NOT TO TAKE LIFE FOR
GRANTED."

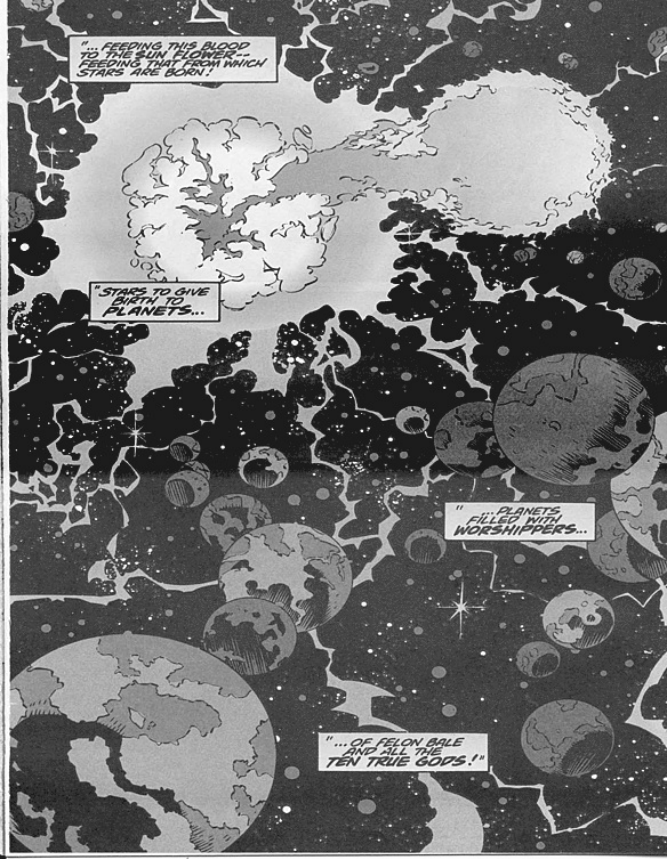
...TO TEACH HIS
FLOCK NOT TO TAKE
LIFE FOR GRANTED?

AHH, BUT KILL
PEOPLE *SERIALLY*--
ANY TIME, ANYWHERE...

KTASHHHH

ALL RIGHT!
MURDER! THIS
IS IT! YOU'RE
DEAD MEAT!





"... FEEDING THIS BLOOD
TO THE SUN FLOWER...
FEEDING THAT FROM WHICH
STARS ARE BORN!"

"STARS TO GIVE
BIRTH TO
PLANETS..."

"... PLANETS
FILLED WITH
WORSHIPPERS..."

"... OF FELON BALE
AND ALL THE
TEN TRUE GODS!"

HMM. MUCH
ACTIVITY IN THE
SUN FLOWER
THIS CYCLE.

BALE'S BLOOD REAPERS
MUST BE BUSY ALL ACROSS
THE DECAMUNDI.

THE WAR ROOM OF
GODKIN STRAITH:
KEEPER OF THE
NEEDY'S TRIP
MINOR'S BENE-
FACTOR AND--FOR
A DEMI-GOD--
JUST A REG'LAR
GUY.

NO MATTER.
THE GAME
REMAINS THE SAME.
WHEN BALE FOUND
SOLON REY
HELPING MY CHAMPION,
HE HAD TO REACT
AS HE DID...

IN THE
EXTREME--AS
ALWAYS.

HE'S SO
PREDICTABLE.

THIS CHAMPION
OF HIS, THIS
BLOODSHED... IS
A PERFECT
EXAMPLE OF
BALE'S ARROGANT
SELF-DELUSION.

HE'S GROWN
OLD... OUT OF TOUCH...
COMMITTING A GOD'S
WORST MISTAKE...

...ACTING
LIKE ONE.

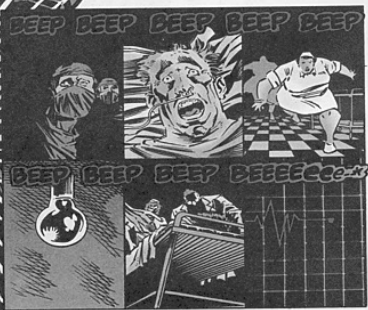
UNIVERSES RUN
IN CYCLES.

AND NOW IT IS TIME,
I BELIEVE, FOR
GODKIN STRAITH
TO USURP A GOD!













WHAT DO YOU SAY, TRIP? HERE IT IS. AREN'T YOU GOING TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR THESE PEOPLE?

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, HE'S TRYING TO BREAK YOU--WAKE YOU ACT RECKLESS!

NO SMART SOLDIER SACRIFICES HIMSELF FOR NOTHING-- ONLY WHEN THERE'S A LIKELY CHANCE OF ACCOMPLISHING SOMETHING.

BUT A HOSPITAL-- FULL OF LIVES IS AT STAKE-- INCLUDING ANNA LISA'S! IT'S MY FAULT SHE'S HERE!

WHAT-- I SHOULD JUST WALK AWAY?



YES! YOU'RE EARTH'S CHAMPION-- IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU, EARTH'S DEFENSELESS AGAINST FELON BALE!

WHAT IS THIS? JUST YESTERDAY YOU WANTED TO KILL ME!

LISTEN TO ME! IF THIS IMMORAL PSYCHOTIC IS FELON BALE'S CHAMPION, THEN A GOD HAS GONE MAD.

THIS IS BIGGER THAN YOUR FRIEND-- BIGGER THAN ALL THESE PATIENTS. YOU HAVE TO LIVE TO FIGHT AGAIN!



GORKILL IS BEING VERY SENSIBLE.

BUT YOU KNOW, I SHOULD EXPLAIN THAT CONNECTION WE SHARE. I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT YET.

YOU KNOW HOW YOUR MOTHER WAS MURDERED? AND THEY NEVER FOUND OUT BY WHOM?

WELL, I USED TO BE A SERIAL KILLER.

AND SHE BECAME A SACRIFICE.



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EDITOR



the lines, they are a'changin'.

There's big doings in the works as of now with the RAZORLINE. By now you may've heard about the new titles coming out this year under this imprint and from the mind of Clive Barker: titles like *MODE EXTREME*, and *WRATH-HEART*, the latter of which is scheduled to be scripted by HOKUM & HEX's own Frank Lovece! And there are dramatic changes in store for this very title, as well. Anthony and Frank and Andy and I are all geared for it, but we realize now we've left important members of the team out of the loop.

So here's what you can expect in the months ahead:

A dramatic new villain invading the RAZORLINE Universe, whose threats will affect every title in the line!

New groups of heroes, springing up from Clive's most secret and imaginative mythologies!

The dramatic return of heroes and villains from the earlier, forgotten age of heroes in the *Barkerverse*!

And the death and destruction of some of the major characters you've seen so far!

Don't miss it. You've been alerted — now make sure you're not late!

Dear HOKUM & HEX,

I'm new to comic book reading and don't think I've ever been moved to write in. I want to commend the creative team on this book. I think that the writing is top notch, as is the art.

And while I like the book as a whole, it's really the art that keeps me dying to know more and more and more and more....

Who is this Anthony Williams? Can you tell me more? Where did he eat? What kind of cereal does he eat in the morning? Who are his influences?

Roy Gribbins
(Address withheld by request)

We'd be glad to help you, Roy. In fact, we decided to spill the whole sordid story of how Anthony Williams came to be a cartoonist.

Anthony Williams started life the way the rest of us did, a tender babe in a rough and wild world. That all changed, however, when a bottle of India ink spilled into his crib, changing young Anthony forever. From that point on, he was a cartoonist. We hope that answers all of your questions, Roy. If not, well...

...coming up after a few more short words from the editor, we present an interview with Anthony Williams.

Just so those of you who wrote in

this month don't feel left out, we're sending a random five letter writers an eleven by seventeen photostatic reproduction of this month's cover. Those that receive the goods, enjoy.

Are interviews something you might like to see more often? Let us know.

Now it's off to merry ol' England to chat with HOKUM & HEX penciler, Anthony Williams.

How did you break into comics?

Williams — I just kept bothering the offices of Marvel U.K. all through the mid-eighties, until finally by the late eighties they started giving me work. Basically, just to get rid of me.

What gave you such a burning desire to work in comics?

Williams — It was 1976, when Captain Britain came out, written by Chris Claremont and drawn by Herb Trimpe. I was eleven. That's what started it all, and it sort of mushroomed from there.

What was some of the early eighties work?

Williams — I did a lot of licensed things like *The Real Ghost Busters*, *Wildcats*, *Action Force*, that sort of thing.

What was your first job?

Williams — Action Force was actually the first job I did, which is O.I. Joe basically, but it's called Action Force over here. That was 1987. Then I went on to do things for Fleetway — more licensed characters like Mask, which is another toy. Then eventually, I started working on the series 2000 A.D.

Which is where Judge Dredd began. Which characters did you work on in that series?

Williams — Robo-Hunter was the first thing I did. Well, actually the first thing I did was a Judge Dredd story, but that was only a one-shot; after that, I went on to do Robo-Hunter for quite a long time. Later, I did do quite a few Judge Dredd stories, though; and I might be doing a Judge Dredd story in the next month or so.

Before being hired for comics in 1987, what were you doing?

Williams — God, I've done everything. I've been a kitchen porter, which basically means I peeled potatoes all day. A petrol pump attendant — I did that for like seven years while I was in school, getting a degree in Illustration. I've done all sorts of odd jobs, until getting work from

Marvel U.K. I dropped out of school when I was sixteen, worked all these jobs, until going back to school in 1986.

It was my last year in college that I got to working for Marvel U.K. My last year in college was basically me drawing comics all of the time; luckily, the college accepted most of that work as my course work. Otherwise, (laughs) I don't think I would have graduated.

Which brings us up to the present. How did you get the job penciling HOKUM & HEX?

Williams — I'm not a hundred percent certain about this, but I think what happened was I was at a U.K. convention last year, in September, and I was looking around for work. I had a batch of samples worked up, photocopies, and I think Andy (Lanning) must have given them to Marc, but I'm not sure who gave them to him. I know I didn't. Anyway, Marc got to see them, and then I got a call from him in October, out of the blue. He asked if I wanted to do a monthly series and if I was willing to commit to twelve issues, which I was more than happy to do.

Thanks Anthony

NEXT:

Trip vs. Bloodshed, round two—and only one will walk away! (And considering Trip is already half dead, you might not want to place bets on who!)

CUTTING EDGE ALERT!

Next week in SAINT SINNER #7:

Trapped between the Earth and the Ectosphere with helpless humans to protect, Philip is truly on the eve of destruction! Is this the Saint Sinner's final hour?

ELSEWHERE, ALONG THE RAZOR'S EDGE:

In HYPERKIND #8:

The Wild Woman of the original Paxis returns—with a vengeance! Can a former super hero function in a world without heroes?

In ECTONED #8:

Dex acquires the power of possession to save his mother's life—and accidentally swaps souls with her attacker! It's not pretty—and it may be permanent!